SEP 12 1911
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY 425 Lafayette St.

The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

Vol. VIII. No. 36. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1911 One Dollar Per Year

Capital vs. Labor—The Conflict Not Irrepressible

By Dr. C. H. Reed, Toledo

Labor confronts two problems; to clothe and feed the world, and to win in its conflict with capital. In the one it is succeeding admirably; with the other, not so well.

This conflict is featured in Profit and rooted in the Wage system.

Profit is recognized as Gain. But, to gain, one must get more than he gives. The other, as necessarily, must give more than he gets. When he gives more than he gets, the difference between what he gave and got is so much given for nothing, leaving the victim with less, robbed as surely as were the same taken at the point of a pistol. Until men can create out of nothing, subtraction must precede addition and less left be the sequence. PROFIT IS ROBBERY.

The capitalist's struggle is his effort to get as "profit" that produced by labor; with Labor, it is its protest against robbery, its effort in defense of rights.

This struggle has been continuous for thousands of years; still, it cannot be endless. If endless, the labor question is already settled and further attempts to rid the world of the dire results due to robberies by the capitalistic business method, whether by the church or labor, become consummate folly.

Failure to end this conflict, like every other failure to accomplish the possible, is ever due to but one thing, error in method. Sufficient time granted and right methods followed, success is sure. With infinite time and wrong methods, failure is inevitable.

The solution of any problem depends upon method and not in the least upon personality, upon the character, color, church or politics of those engaged in the work, neither of him elected or appointed to govern or supervise—facts recognized in the Great Book under the name, "Righteousness" and "Unrighteousness."

In all public or social affairs, because the method followed is wholly a matter of choosing by the people, responsibility is not any individual's, but collective. For this reason the end of the struggle must await the evolutionary development of social wisdom, in the nature of things necessarily slow, yet worthy of every effort to hasten.

Labor's greatest hoo-doo is in its would-be teachers, flying high and wide of fundamental truth—one declares right and wrong are not antithetic but relative terms; that what is right today may be wrong tomorrow or, wrong today may be right tomorrow, propositions denying the immutability of principle or natural law; that would render science a myth; all attempts to better social conditions but idle pastime and any ethical goal that may be sought, a will-o-the-wisp: Another, especially educated that he might be able to teach and to save the masses from both present and possible future evil, admits he don't know why the old prophets class "lending for increase" with the most heinous crimes? a question disclosing the key to the solution of the whole economic problem—and, so on.

What is and what appears to be seldom are the same. When a worker asks employment it is not for work he asks, as is commonly supposed.

He, naturally, loves life. Shortly, he learns that to live, he must have things; later, that to get things he must have money; that to get money he must have a job. Not owning a job he seeks an employer and asks for a "job"—is it? No; for an opportunity to live.

Returning, he reports—"They gave me a job!"—another mistake. "They" sell. He buys. The employer's selling price is the value he receives in service above the amount he returns as wages. The price the worker pays for the opportunity to live is the difference between the purchasing value of the wages received and the value of that he produces: that is; the worker pays himself for working for somebody else, the owner of the job: In other words; the worker "Divides up"—pays himself and gives his employer half or more of all he has produced—accepted by the boss as PROFIT. This, the employer's competing with the wage worker for his product, is the very quintessence of competition.

It is unnecessary to seek farther for an explanation of why wage workers, though they produce the wealth of the world, are always poor men. After paying for his job and providing for the needs of the family, the laborer has but little or nothing left, a sequence in obedience to eternal mathematical law.

In these facts is also revealed the fundamental cause of poverty, beggary and slums; and, at the same time, from whence comes the necessity for Charity boards, Benevolent associations and alms houses. The accumulation of great wealth by some necessitates the abject poverty of others. With the continuance of the prevailing business method our country is doomed to economic conditions like to India and China than which may nothing be worse. As surely as like brings like it is to this end we are speeding.

The wage or competitive system, the private ownership of jobs absolutely compels him who owns no job to purchase the opportunity to live from men who, under no stretch of the imagination can own the earth; this, or, to steal—resulting finally, in the imprisonment of the least guilty.

It is this competitive or wage system the old political parties, non-partizans and the modern church, assuming the name "Christian," are upholding. By speech, sermon or vote they are making themselves responsible for the existing lamentable social conditions; not only this, but for the continuance of these conditions and for the inevitable final result.

So long as the competitive system of dealing, brother with brother, abides, a question of wisdom with teachers and of choice with the people, as well expect mathematical laws to be changed in answer to prayer as to expect social conditions to be bettered by present day "evangelism." It must not be expected that natural or supreme laws are to be changed that the results of men's errors may be obviated. It is not that God is to come to us, that He is to accept our plans and make a success of them, but that we must come to Him, adopt His plan, a plan that must harmonize with the inalienable relationship existing between all men and established by Himself. He reigns through unrepealable law, determining ultimate results through the law of Cause and Effect.

In this way are people left free in the choice of method; yet, through the higher law, with no more regard for civil law or federal courts than in the forming of chemical compounds, does He determine the outcome. Nothing can avail except to make the profit or mammon system impotent for evil. Nothing easier. Cease resisting evil, or, him that is evil. Disarm the would-be crook by removing opportunity or Privilege. Adopt the only one other business method possible, one that in its application recognizes the principle of Brotherhood; and which, automatically, must result in the bearing of one another's burdens, the Co-Operative system.

It is incumbent on the defenders of capitalism, investing and "lending for increase," to show how capital produces or earns a scintilla of that it gets. **LET THE WORLD BE SHOWN THIS ESSENTIAL FACT—IF A FACT IT BE.** Let them show this; for if it be that capital does not produce or earn, nor can; yet receives, what it receives is so much for nothing and the advocates of present-day "Commercialism" become defenders of robberies innumerable.

The sophistry in the only explanation attempted—"Why, if your capital is worth something to me, I should pay for its use" lies in a bald assumption. The fact that it is "worth something to me," possible only in an immortal system, has not a thing to do with the question of producing or earning; nor, upon whether every recipient of the unearned product be, or be not a party to the crime against the loser.

The sophistry in this presumed explanation readily deceives because of the almost universal error in supposing the reason why another's capital is "worth something to me" is because with it I get more—GAIN.

This is not the reason. The fundamental or real reason is because I have not the capital of my own. Had one his own capital, none would give a penny for another's.

The whole difficulty lies in unequal opportunity, something impossible in the CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH or SOCIALISM.

The organization of all labor into unions and federations is desirable, not that their today methods can bring the relief labor seeks and ought to have, but because in union is strength and in a multitude of councelors safety, the hastening the discovery and guidance of ultimate fundamental truth.

While favoring unionism and sympathizing with labor in its efforts to repossess its rights, equity and justice, a pure Democracy or Socialism cannot endorse violence as a means.

Permanent relief, the only relief worth striving for can be attained only through right methods. In its numbers labor has the power, and in the ballot, the means to everlastingly abolish Privilege, the possibility of Profit, to establish equal opportunity, to annihilate Capitalism and end the unnatural struggle for all time.

Outside the ballot the only means labor has to enforce its demands is the Strike—tending always to violence and defeat.

That the strike is not only puerile but, in the end, hopeless is at once revealed in the fact that the moment a strike begins wages stop and flour barrels begin to grow empty. This resolves the strike proposition into this—that labor by starving itself, wives and children would force them with fuller barrels to comply with its demands. This brings the ending to a question of endurance, with the advantage many times over in hands of the employer.

On the other hand, with the ballot the situation is reversed. While the Initiative, Referendum and Recall may be adjuncts in labor's movement, they are not essential. Its problem is solved in, and only in EQUAL OPPORTUNITY, the WORLD A CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

The Record, one of the leading daily papers of Los Angeles, has come out squarely for the Socialist ticket. This will greatly aid the heroic battle the comrades are making to carry Los Angeles for Socialism at the next election. It seems that they have much reason to expect success.

THE MESSAGE

By A. M. Kinney, Seneca, Kans.

Through the long ages no time has been blessed
With glorious hope for the poor and oppressed,
With bountiful Love shining bright in the skies,
Like the NOW, which is seen by Socialist eyes.

The pages of history do not record
So thrilling a promise, so great a reward,
To cheer the down-trodden, to startle the kings,
As this, the great MESSAGE the Socialist brings.

To the toilers who groan and bend 'neath the load
Of the world they have carried because of the goad—
The goad of the SYSTEMS which governs the land—
It heralds "the new Dispensation" at hand.

The love which you bear for your children and wives,
Your fear of the evils which threaten their lives,
Your proud boast as "freemen," all, all bid you pause,
And hearken to those who are pleading YOUR CAUSE.

The future can lighten your load, if you will;
You must not turn backward, you can not stand still;
And if from the CONFLICT as cravens you fly,
Your brothers will hold you in scorn 'till you die.

When next from a SOAP BOX you hear this appeal,
"World workers unite!" Stop and listen, and feel
The quickening of pulse as you rise to the height
Of men who will THINK, and THINKING, will FIGHT.

SOCIALISM NOT A RELIGION

Socialism is a part of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, but it is not the whole of it. The gospel means "good news." Socialism is good news **as far as it goes,** but it does not include all the good news that there is in store for the human race. Socialism promises salvation from wage-slavery. This is good news as far as it goes, but there is a slavery from which Socialism is powerless to deliver any one.

Socialism promises a home on earth, but it does not pretend to promise a home in heaven, Socialism pertains to economic and socialistic questions only and it is in vain to make a religion of it.

Socialism is not a religion, **but it is not opposed to religion.** Many preachers are coming into the Socialist party, and not a few of them are making the claim that Socialism is the religion of Christ.

Yes, it is **in part,** but **only in part.** "Godliness is profitable for all things having the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come." Socialism cannot go this far.

Socialism is that part of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ which the so-called churches of today utterly fail to appreciate. To the extent that any one opposes Socialism, to that extent he opposes the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Socialism is good, and no one can oppose good without opposing the gospel of Christ. If, however, Socialism should make the claim that it is the complete gospel of Christ it would thereby lay itself open to just criticism. On the other hand, if any of the so-called churches of today were to make the same claim they would also thereby lay themselves open to just criticism.

To the so-called churches and to church people in general, who are opposing Socialism, the language of Christ is very appropriate where he says: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

Alex. Protsman,
Sawtelle, Cal.

The California Social Democrat, published at Los Angeles, is a fine weekly. $1 per year.

AN INFIDEL'S PLEA.

I have been called an Infidel and it may be this is true, but I believe as my reason has taught me, and I will say that I would rather be an honest Infidel than an orthodox hypocrite. I have been antagonistic toward the churches and preachers; and so far as my opinion in regard to the churches whose preachers continue to preach a doctrine which my reason tells me is false, my opinion is unchanged. Although I will say that whereas I used to believe the preachers were the most worthless class of professional men on earth, and that they knew they were preaching something that was false, I am now convinced that the most of them are honest, but I am satisfied that most of the preachers are either ignorant, or they are compelled to preach what they do not believe in order to hold their jobs. I take this ground from the fact that I know a number of intelligent ministers who have lost their jobs by espousing the cause of Socialism.

Then, speaking from the viewpoint of what is known as an unbeliever, I will say to my Christian comrades, that as you claim you are working to improve the economic condition of the people in order to prepare them for a future existence, I do not see any reason why we should not work in perfect harmony. You believe in a future life, I do not. You believe that the first step toward gaining your object is to right the economic conditions of the people. When this is accomplished, my reason tells me, the work is completed. And if the Christian Socialist comrade desires the assistance of his half-brother Infidel Socialist, I am dead ready to clasp hands and labor together to free the world from the curse of the present system.

If I have rightly understood the meaning of the new preachers' language, the Bible story of creation, the fall of man, the immaculate conception, the vicarious atonement, the horned and cloven footed devil, and a beautiful far away place beyond the shining stars, called heaven, where sits a God, clothed in dazzling splendor, are things no longer to be taken as literally true. This has been my opinion as far back as I began to think upon the subject, and I still retain the same idea. Now there seems to be a sort of jealousy, or mistrust, upon the part of many Socialists (who are what is generally called Free Thinkers or Infidels, which amounts to the same), that the comrade who insists that Socialism is really the true religion, the kind that was advocated by Jesus (or at least was necessary as a means to an object), are endeavoring to capture the organization in order to build up the church. Well, suppose this be true? Can't the Free Thinkers see his own advantage? Does he not know that the majority of the people of the world believe in some sort of religion, and that if they are made to believe that true Christianity as taught by Jesus is in reality Socialism put in practice so far as it effects this life, that the kingdom of heaven can be established here upon this earth, and that only through the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth can this be accomplished, and that he has everything to gain and nothing to lose by accepting the services of those who control this tremendous power? For my part, I do not care a rap what my Christian comrade may think to gain in a sweet by and by, and he should not object so long as his Free Thinker comrade is willing to assist him in clearing the ground, which he admits must be accomplished before he can expect a crop.

Then, if we Free Thinkers get all we are asking for we would certainly be a travesty upon our name to object to our Christian comrade following the dictates of their own conscience, and should be forever branded as ungrateful tyrants.

Let them build up their church. There is no danger that they will attempt to force their opinions upon others who should have the same rights as themselves. Neither will they force those who may object to help support it. Then, come on, comrade, let us get to work, and make this grand old world a place worth living in, where joy, peace and plenty will reign supreme, and poverty and wretchedness will curse its plane no more.

Albert J. Henderson,
Terre Haute, Ind.

"THERE'S NO PLACE FOR MY BOY"

(The Melber Story)

By Rev. C. E. Walker, D. D.

(Mrs. Edith Melber of Schenectady, N. Y., was left a widow in young womanhood, with a three-year-old boy. Being unable to keep his board paid up in a "Children's Home" (?) to enable her to continue work in a factory, she had to seek for her babe a place in another charitable (?) institution; admission was denied the child here—its father had died of consumption. The young mother made another effort, this time at an Albany children's home. Here admission was delayed in order to comply with a lot of charitable "red tape"—hunger never ceasing to cause anguish in mother and child. Turning away disheartened, and with only a dime, the mother sought a drug store, bought laudanum and outside the city ("city" means "habitation of the civilized"), on the roadside, she gave the hungry, thirsty, famishing child the laudanum to drink—and left the lifeless body by the way. What could she do?)

I.

The husband's health had failed,
This left the family poor;
Consumption's weird form trailed
Within their cottage door.

II.

The work was soon then done,
Life swiftly ebbed away;
The home support was gone—
How dreadful, sad, that day!

III.

For now the mother-wife
Must needs her time employ
To feed and maintain life
For both herself and boy.

IV.

So sad the story reads
It chills me, makes me start,
To see this baby's needs
And mother's bleeding heart.

V.

She took it to a "Home"
(At least it bore that name)
Where babes like this should come—
Babes who are "in the game."

VI.

But entrance was denied
On this pretext or that;
Another "Home" she tried
And was refused as flat.

VII.

No food, no shelter still,
No chance for her employ;
Yet she asserts her will
To cling unto her boy.

VIII.

She loved **him, as you yours;**
She carried him on the road;
But both turned out of doors,
She **cannot** carry this load.

IX.

Not knowing where to go,
Her wits she did employ;
What could she do? D'you know
WHAT, were't YOUR darling boy?

X.

The mother's heart now fails,
Her child she must give up;
He limps, he drops, he quails—
He's drank the bitter cup.

XI.

No longer seeking "home"
For her poor lifeless boy,
The State now bids her "Come"
And will her time employ.

XII.

She gave as her defense:
"There's no place for my boy;"
The State's own **mind** was **dense;**
It could not her employ.

XIII.

"Until his life I took—
I did it for the best—
The State refused to look
For him and me a rest."

XIV.

This dear young mother's heart
Has suffered many a hell,
Whose lesson we impart,
Whose story here we tell.

XV.

Extend a helping hand—

Make child-life here a joy;
Say not o'er this great land
"There's no place for the boy."

XVI.

Arouse! This system change!
Make place for every boy;
It need not seem so strange
To fill each life with joy.

XVII.

To make assured a home
For every child or man;
Thus pray "Thy Kingdom come"—
This is God's very plan.

XVIII.

"No place here for my boy?"
Oh, every heart be roused
To fill earth-life with joy,
Till every child be housed.

XIX.

Well loved, well housed, well fed,
With added songs of peace;
No childhood's cry for bread—
This anguish all shall cease.

XX.

There's plenty now for all,
No need to live on less;
Arouse! and heed the call
Your fellows now to bless.

XXI.

Unite and vote, I pray,
The Commonwealth take o'er,
And haste the gracious day
When all shall have a store.

XXII.

There's plenty now for all—
Let all this plenty share;
Heed this our Father's call—
For this will answer prayer.

XXIII.

"Thy Kingdom come" on earth—
There is no other way
To fill all hearts with mirth,
To bring in freedom's day.

XXIV.

The Commonwealth is here,
To take it is our plan;
Then plenty will be near
To every worker's hand.

XXV.

So join our noble throng
Who hear the Social Call;
Join in this Victors' Song—
"We've Homes and Food for All!"

Note—Reading a leaflet titled "The Children of the Poor," by Eugene V. Debs, I was prompted to tell this Melber story in poetic form. C. E. W.

Lebanon, Ohio, August, 1911.

MORAL COWARDICE AND CUPIDITY

By Rev. C. H. Rogers

One of the saddest thoughts for contemplation in the mind of the philanthropist today is the abject, fawning weakness among those who should be towers of strength among their fellows. There is no defeat so humiliating as misplaced and betrayed confidence. How many a man has gone down in the moral contest because he truckled to an enticing and wicked policy. How many a bright influence has been clouded and lost because of sordid lust. How many a man has been lost in the slave.

Physical cowardice is regarded as an almost unpardonable weakness; but how much more despicable is the man who surrenders character, manly integrity, upon the altar of greed and lust.

The land is full of incentives to such a course. If one will lend himself to a base policy, he will find the luring god of infamy not far from him. But what must be the reflections of such a one, when in the secret chambers of his own soul he communes with himself? It is ever true that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The man who is untrue to himself—to his better consciousness—is inevitably untrue to others. The man who will endeavor to cheat his own sense of right, will unscrupulously cheat others. He always cheats himself first, and carries constantly with him the humiliating brand of the moral coward.

The Short Story

THE DERELICT

By Robert M. Darbee

He had often crossed my path and I studied hard to avoid him. Sometimes he would dart out of a doorway, and then again he would suddenly confront me, coming from nowhere that I could discover, apparently rising right up from the pavement. If I turned down a side street and escaped him for two days, he would hail me on the third and every day after that hold me up for tribute.

I did not mind so much parting with the dimes and nickels, although I believed the saloonkeeper got them soon after they left my possession, but I did not like to reflect that I had a pensioner in such a strapping fellow as Dave appeared to be.

I had known him before he became a derelict. He had a good steady job then and was fairly industrious, but he fell into the evil habit of running out to the corner in the early hours of the business day for what he termed an "eye opener." It was not long before he was discharged.

I felt no great sympathy for him, for he had been warned repeatedy to mend his ways, and very likely he got just what he deserved; nevertheless, his discharge was almost equivalent to compelling him to commit slow suicide. It added one more to the list of homeless men roaming the streets of the city—human parasites, subsisting as best they might upon the charity of their more fortunate fellows.

One very cold day, when the pavement was thickly coated with sleet, I met Dave near the city hall, and as I glanced at his shivering figure I felt really sorry for him, so much so that he got a quarter that day instead of a dime.

"Don't spend it for liquor," said I. "You have enough there for a good meal in any of the cheap restaurants around here."

I thought it was advice thrown away, but Dave appeared to take it seriously enough.

"I am not drinking very much these days," said he. "Of course, I don't expect you to believe that, but it's the truth. One can't get rum for nothing, and it ain't often I have the price of a drink after paying for a bite to eat and a bed to sleep in. Sometimes I don't have even the price of lodging."

"And what do you do in that even; walk the streets all night?"

"Oh, no," said he, "one can always be sure of a chair in one of them cheap saloons along the Bowery until they close, and it's only about four hours until they open up again."

"Then you return to the chair?"

"No; not that exactly. There are odd jobs to do, if one wants to do 'em—sweeping out the place and helping the barkeeper to clean up."

"You get paid for that, I suppose." Dave gave his shoulders a slight shrug. "Not in money; a drink or two and a chance at the lunch counter."

I thought it time to terminate the interview and passed on. As I turned to go he gave his shoulders another shrug and appeared disposed to say something more, but I had no time to listen.

I saw no more of him for several days for the very good reason that I took pains to avoid him. At length he caught me off my guard and held me up in the old familiar way. Having business to attend to, and being in no humor to carry on any conversation with him, I felt in my pocket for a coin. At that very instant Dave took a flying leap into the middle of the street, being assisted by a kick, which a powerfully built man, who had just stepped up, had administered. It was done so quickly that it was all over before I fully realized what had happened. The big man made a threatening gesture as Dave went off limping and then he turned to me.

"I have often seen him holding you up," said he, with an air of satisfaction, "but he always broke away before I got anywhere near him."

"Well," said I, "I'm not sure that I am prepared to express appreciation and thanks for what you did just now. As a matter of fact, I consider your attack on that poor fellow brutal in the extreme."

The man laughed unfeelingly and exhibited a detective's badge.

"That's the only way to treat them fellows," he growled hoarsely. "He'll remember that jolt and stay away from here."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "it appears to me that you had no more right to kick him than you have to kick me. If I understand the matter at all, and I surely ought, for I am a lawyer, it's a plain case of assault, for which you are liable to arrest and punishment, even though you are an officer."

He looked his astonishment and disgust, gave a grunt and turned on his heel. When too late I regretted that I had not taken the number of his badge, for it was such a plain case of complainant, judge and executioner rolled into one that it appeared to me the matter should be brought to the knowledge of his superiors. The fellow, perhaps fearing that trouble was in store for him, quickened his steps and was soon out of sight around the corner.

I saw no more of Dave, although I kept a sharp lookout for him for several days, not with any intention of avoiding him, for I now wished to meet him and ascertain the extent of his injuries, for I felt sure that he was badly hurt.

Several weeks went by. One morning a gentleman wearing the garb of a clergyman came into my office and presented his card. I read the name—Rev. James Cullen, and offered him a chair. He was a pleasant featured young man, with a voice almost as soft as a woman's, and his manner was exceeding courteous.

"I shall not detain you long, Mr. Brown," said he, declining the chair. "I have called only for the purpose of delivering a message from a hospital patient whom I know only by the name of David, or Dave. He told me that you would understand very well if I mentioned that one name. Do you know any such person?"

"Yes," said I "a homeless man whom I used to meet on the street. I knew him before he became a derelict. I have not met him recently and have many times wondered what became of him."

"He is in St. Cuthbert's at the point of death."

The priest made the announcement slowly and sadly and I received it with something of a shock, for although I had often said to myself that I believed Dave would be better off dead than living, the realization that his end was near made me aware that I was more deeply interested in him than I had dreamed of.

"You say he is dying!" I exclaimed.

"He may be dead. When I left the hospital he was sinking rapidly. He wished me to summon you by messenger, but as the poor fellow appeared to be so eager to see you, I thought I would make sure of the message reaching you on time by coming to see you myself."

I thanked the priest for so thoughtfully and kindly rendering me the service, and after jotting down the location of the hospital, we shook hands and parted.

The hospital was not far distant, and a taxicab took me there just as soon as I had disposed of some business matters that required immediate attention. In one of the wards I found Dave—a very different looking person from the robust, ruddy faced wanderer of the streets. He noticed my look of compassion and smiled faintly as he held out a hand wasted to skin and bone, and weakly grasped mine.

"It is all right, Mr. Brown," he whispered, with an effort. "I know you feel sorry for me, but don't let it trouble you. I feel that the end is near and I am not a bit sorry. But before I went I wanted to see you and thank you for all your kindness to me. You gave me many a quarter and much good advice, but I couldn't seem to follow it no matter how hard I tried, and I tried pretty hard. When a man once gets down and out he is down and out for good. It wouldn't be so if people generally were more willing to help a poor devil in hard luck. Most of them are more ready to hand out kicks and cuffs than anything else, like the cop who put me here."

Dave was seized with a choking cough, and the nurse standing near raised his head and relieved his throat of the mucus collected there. I moved away thinking that he was

putting too much of a tax upon his little remaining strength, but he beckoned to me and I returned to the side of the bed and Dave resumed his story.

"As I was saying, that kick did the business for me. He was not particular where he landed with his foot and it happened to be on my left side. I felt something inside of me give way and not long after that I fell down. They picked me up and brought me here, and here I expect to stay until they carry me out, which will be before long. I am sorry that I have not lived a more useful life, but it's easier to slide down than it is to climb up a hill, and I couldn't seem to get back where I——"

There was another fit of coughing, a painful gasping for breath, followed by a suspicious rattling sound. The nurse bent over him for an instant, then raised her head and glanced at me significantly. Dave was silent and motionless. The nurse made the sign of the cross and bowed her head. I followed her example and together we silently prayed for the repose of the soul of the victim of a cruel social system which tempts men to drug themselves that the state may profit by the sale of the poison, then finishes its work by giving its agents authority to club and kick the unfortunates to death.

For Young Crusaders

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

LETTERS FOR YOUNG AND OLD CRUSADERS

I want that heading to stand—but we have no "old" Crusaders. In the letters which I receive I have it continually impressed upon me—the eternal youthfulnes of the human spirit when its tide of outgoing brotherly love is given free outlet, as it is in the Socialist movement; when there is no refusal, conscious or tacit, to follow the law of love out in and to all its general and particular applications. We are yet a little hazy on the particular applications—still a little bound down by our heredity to the feeling that "orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy," and therefore **"if you disagree with me your usefulness is seriously impaired."** That sort of thing!

There was something so fine in this connection in the last Appeal that I must quote it here before I get down to the letters in which it is apparent that many take a deep interest. Here it is:

"Yes, there are foolish things said and done by Socialists. It is inevitable, in a mass movement that agitates the whole world, that it should be so. Possibly some do show a disposition to be unreasonable and even violent. It may be some are willing to compromise. But, in such a movement as this you can't expect everybody to be equally developed. The mere fact that people want to do something though occasionally that something is foolish, indicates an awakening that means much. As time passes the thought will grow—grow in the individual and grow in the mass itself. The mere fact that it is a mass movement is guarantee that the few who want to do foolish things will not be able to swing it to their will. It will absorb them, and not they, it. The fact that it is a mass movement makes it at once powerful in revolutionary purpose, and at the same time wholesomely conservative. The whole people will not lose their heads at once—this will keep them from doing foolish and destructive things—from tearing down merely instead of conserving and building at the same time. If you see an individual who you think is wrong or unsafe, don't be too greatly exercised by the fact. He is only a mite in the movement, and he will be absorbed by it just as all the various elements coming to America from foreign countries are molded into the American form and way. If you see a statement in some paper that you do not consider strictly orthodox, or wise, don't take it too seriously. It is the **movement**, the aroused people, that counts not an individual or mere form of words. You may be foolish yourself, and without knowing it drawing into the world current that is going to bring a new civilization. You are not a menace, even though only half baked. In time you will be a part of the onward surge, and there you will count though as an individual you never amounted to shucks.

* * *

It IS DIFFICULT for anyone with red blood to view many conditions existing today and keep cool, sane and well balanced—to preserve the GOLDEN MEAN. I find it so. I have to try hard, and do not always succeed. But in view of these existing conditions, I have more respect and sympathy for those who fail always to preserve the exact balance, and sometimes become violent and harsh, than I have for the lukewarm or the indifferent. But I know that many of the latter owe their condition to their environment, and to the neglect of those of us who are not doing all they can to arouse and enlighten the world on the message of Christian Socialism, to do their duty. It becomes more and more evident to me that our field of endeavor has as yet been scarcely scratched. "The fields are white already to the harvest. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth laborers into His harvest!"

* * *

R. F. D. 2, Box 23,
Lufkin, Texas, July 17th.

Dear Aunt Kathryn:—This is my second letter. I sure like to read the Young Crusaders' letters. In my last letter there were several mistakes. I am going to school now. I am trying to complete my second grade before I am 16 years old. My birthday comes on the 10th of September. I hope for a "shower" of cards and letters. I hope you all will remember me. I went to a picnic on the 14th, and sure had a nice time. I heard the best speaker that has ever spoken in this county speak on Socialism. As I returned home about four in the afternoon it began to rain and got me wet, and it has rained ever since. I go to Sunday school and preaching every Sunday. Have had but three months vacation this year, and no time to go to many picnics. When any one intends to get an education they have no time to go anywhere. I live on a farm three miles east of Lufkin, near the Cotton Belt Railroad. Aunt Kathryn, come down and see me this summer. I live in sight of the Junction, and we will go grape-hunting and have lots of fun. Please, I would like to have your picture. I can play the organ, and sure enjoy singing.
Your Socialist friend, Elma Shofner.

I did not receive this Crusader's first letter of which she speaks, but am glad this came safely and adds another to our list of brave young comrades who are striving for an education under great difficulties and drawbacks. Am sorry that I cannot accept your invitation, dear Comrade, cannot even hope to attend the next national congress of Mothers' Clubs, which is to meet in Texas next year. Am very much interested in the state, and hope it will be one of the early ones to be captured for Socialism. It is perhaps unnecessary to urge Comrade Elma to persist until she has a good education, no matter how long it takes. Learning, when done in the right spirit, is the chief joy of existence, and, I love to think, will never cease. I hope the other Crusaders will remember your birthday. You shall have the picture, and I hope, by September 10.

* * *

R. F. D. 1.
Neosho, Mo., July 21.

Dear Aunt Kathryn:—I have not written before. I am twelve years old and live in the country on a rural route. We live six miles from Neosho, and four from Diamondsville. I have heard Comrades Debs, Warren and Wilson; the latter several times. I live only an eighth of a mile from the school. I am in the seventh grade. There are eight of us in our family. My father takes the Chicago Daily, the Social Democratic Herald, the **Christian Socialist** and the International Socialist Review and the Progressive Woman, Rip-Saw and Appeal to Reason. We are going to subscribe to the Coming Nation. It registered one hundred and eight outdoors today. I will quit now. I hope I am not too late to receive one of your pictures. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain, Your Socialist niece,
Opal Irene Miller.

This Comrade should be well read—her father is surely doing his share to uphold our press! I hope you are cooler by this time, Comrade! One hundred and eight beats anything I ever felt. Am expecting my picture cards every day.

* * *

Bokeelia, Fla., July 22.

Dear Aunt Kathryn:—It has been so long since I wrote to you I decided my letter had gone in the waste basket, as I could not hear from you, but finally we found it in the Young Crusaders' column of the **Christian Socialist.** You had the name of my former postoffice right, but my address now is changed to Bokeelia, Lee county. I am sorry to say I did not get to hear Mr. Debs speak. We live right near the salt water, on an island. I like it better than I did Winauma. We go fishing and bathing often, and launch riding sometimes. There are a lot of Socialists here. I am anxious for my school to begin in September. Now I shall expect your picture soon. Yours truly,
Wayland Debs Blandford.

Any sharks in the waters where you fish, Comrade? If there are, you must learn to catch them—practice for warfare on the money sharks when you grow up, you know! I hope some time to receive letters telling of work the young Crusaders are doing for the Cause—getting subscribers, etc. Wherever there are a large number of Socialists there should be a young people's branch to plan ways of working. Who will start one and tell us about it?

* * *

Here is a letter from a Comrade who wrote me to get the address to which he might send for Watson's book on Socialists and Socialism; and to whom I sent my own copy:

Eagle Hill, Alberta, July 24.

Dear Comrade:—I received your letter and the book (!) Socialists and Socialism in due course, and read a bit now and then as I get time. I imagine it ought to be good Socialist propaganda. Judging by the first two or three chapters, if this poor, mean, thin, miserable slush is the best case to be made against Socialism, then it is in a pretty strong position. If the fault is not in the case, but in the counsel's poor pleading, then Socialism is to be congratulated upon the enemies it has made. And—**ridiculis dictu**—this fellow calls himself an ECONOMIST!!! It is a funny world, isn't it? May I suggest that you personally advertise the book as much as possible? If I were not already a Socialist, I believe it would make me one! Don't hush up the case against Socialism. Give it all the publicity possible, so as to give people a chance to laugh at it. Yours for the restitution,
Walter F. Harris.

I quite agree with Comrade Harris that this is a valuable book to Socialists, to show the sort of arguments that are the best our enemies can muster. Would be glad of information as to where any more fulminations against Socialism can be obtained if any of our readers can furnish such.

* * *

To date (August 19) I have received two communications favoring the position of Comrade Lizzie Haynes on the Boy Scout movement, and one in commendation of my own stand—one out of three, please observe! One of the two was from an old soldier in the National Soldiers' Home of Tennessee who does not sign his name, and the other is from Comrade Chas. Mills, a coal miner. Am very glad to have the readers of this paper take sufficient interest in the matter to write me about it, and I invite further comment. Perhaps it will be of interest to give a summary of the opinions if enough letters are received on the subject to justify an estimate of the opinion of the majority. I do not like to have it called a "controversy" between Comrade Haynes and myself, however. Surely, we can vary in opinion without the use of such terms! I do not at all dispute the justice of Comrade Haynes' suspicions of all movements which command strong pecuniary support from the capitalist ranks. I only fail to "view with alarm" the general situation, or believe that the danger is such as to warrant our boycott of every such organization, particularly of the Boy Scouts of America. I am curious to know if two out of three of our readers think me in error!

Aunt Kathryn.

THE MAN BIRD

By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, in Harper's Weekly

Up from the plains of earth the wondrous bird,
Winged for adventure in the realms of air,
Rose, and another and another came
Skimming the salt-marsh grass, and soared away.
And as they gathered distance and drew off,
Seeking the kingdoms of the uttermost,
Afar the white sail whispered to the sea:
"He hath gone from us; henceforth thou and I
Are orphaned of him, for his heart hath flown
Above the thunder spaces and the stars.
Soon will he be a shadow over us."
And hard upon the moaning of the sea,
A towered city, waiting in the dawn,
Made murmur as the aerial things came on,
"Behold! Behold! the Comforter descends!"
And the hushed streets and whistles found relief
As up the lordly river and away
Into the west they faded and were gone.

O swift, high shuttles flying in and out
Through God's blue loom, aloft the silences,
Weaving the Dream! O daring hearts of men
Springing to run the errands of the Lord
And guide the threads of peace across the world!
Sail on, O prophets of the dawning day!
Soon shall the navies from the slopes of seas
Wonder at strange white wings seeking far off
The olive in the regions of the sky.
For not to the lure of gold and spices, ye;
But hearing still the whisper of the Lord,
"Come up, O man, for I would speak with thee;
Come up and hear the word of the Most High
Unto the sundered peoples of the earth."
Therefore, sail on! What tho the treacherous blast
Conspire and the lightning flash her fang,
And the unfathomable void show far
Her virgin spaces, silent, vast and cold?
Sail on! sail on! The armed nations wait
What from the heights of glory will appear
When ye return and strife shall be no more.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST

Issued Weekly

PUBLISHED BY

The Co-Operative Printing Company

Suites 511-12, No. 56 East Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois—Office Phone Central 4431

Subscription Price - - - One Dollar Per Year
Six months 50c. Three months 25c.

Ten yearly subscriptions to one person for $5.00. Five yearlies to one person for $2.50. (A CLUB OF FIVE yearlies to separate addresses $4.00.)

Twenty six-months subcards for $5.00. Forty three-months subcards for $4.00.

NO BILLS FOLLOW THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST. If you get it REGULARLY, someone has paid for it. When your subscription expires we will notify you and STOP THE PAPER if you do not renew. If you receive a sample copy it is an invitation to subscribe at once.

Please do not send stamps for subscriptions or bundle orders above 50 cents. Do not send personal checks for less than $10.00, as we have to pay exchange on all checks, unless you add 10 cents for exchange. We cannot be responsible for any money sent in letters. Use bank drafts, postoffice money orders or express orders.

EDITOR
Rev. Edward Ellis Carr
Home Phone Midway 2349

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Rev. W. D. P. Bliss	New York City
Rev. Wm. A. Prosser	Pittsburg
Rev. Elliot White	New York City
Rev. J. Stitt Wilson	Berkeley, Cal.
Rev. Carl D. Thompson	Milwaukee
Mr. Harvey P. Moyer	Chicago
Mr. Geo. H. Strobell	Newark
Mr. Oscar F. Donaldson	Webster City, Iowa
Rev. Wm. A. Ward	St. Louis
Rev. Geo. Willis Cooke	Boston
Rev. Paul H. Castle	Kewanee, Ill.
Mrs. Kathryn Spiers	Richmond, Va.
Mrs. Ella Carr	Chicago

A FINE BOOK CHEAP

Christianity and the Social Crisis, by (Rev.) Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, Professor of Church History in Rochester Theological Seminary, is now being published in a 50c. edition that is a surprise of printers' and publishers' art for the money. It is not in board covers, as we recently announced by being misinformed, but is neatly bound in cloth, printed in clear type on good paper. It appears almost as well as the $1.50 edition.

Including postage, this great book may be had for 60c. cash, or (on request) for two annual subscriptions to the **Christian Socialist**; that is, $2.00 for the book and two yearly subscriptions.

BREAD AND BROTHERHOOD

"After all the chief want of men and women is not bread but brotherhood."—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Yet, if men are starving they will literally eat each other. Brotherhood has no meaning against the primal need of food. Also, when there is not enough for all, men cheat, fight and murder for a sufficient supply for themselves. And while competition for life's necessities is the rule, "the battle of life" must go on, the weak against the strong, the simple-minded against the cunning, the would-be righteous against the unscrupulous, with all the advantages in favor of the strong, the cunning, the unscrupulous—and brotherhood is a mocking dream or mere hypocritical cant.

When the co-operative principle—the very essence of brotherhood—is applied to government and industry men may be brothers truly.

Jesus did not say brotherhood is needed more than bread. He said: "Man shall not live by bread alone." But he must first have bread or he can not live at all—and millions lack bread because the well-to-do supporters of the church lack brotherhood. And a system of battle for the means of life will ever prevent brotherhood worthy of the name. Brotherhood grows by practical co-operation, it dies in competition. The capitalist system can not be defended in the name of brotherhood.

"Uncommercial Conduct"

Isaac Tuck, editor of the Chicago Produce Bulletin, has aroused the ire of egg dealers and came near being expelled from the Chicago Butter and Egg Board because he exposed and protested against the egg trust's custom of storing rotten eggs for the market and palming them off upon the people as eggs fit for consumption.

Surely such conduct was entirely "uncommercial." Does not Mr. Tuck know that eggs are stored to sell, not to eat? In a commercial system which deliberately kills tens of thousands of babies each year by milk "preserved" with poisons, which poisonously adulterates all manner of foods, which makes clothes and shoes to wear out, not to wear well, which deliberately murders tens of thousands of workmen in factory, mine and mill and on the railroads to save the expense of safe machinery, and which keeps wages so low that one-third of our population cannot obtain enough to maintain themselves in animal working health, **why should one protest merely against rotten eggs?**

The whole commercial system is rotten, and any one who protests against it is guilty of "uncommercial conduct."

Nevertheless, we honor Mr. Tuck for his protest. It is educational, and will help him, and many others, to see that the evil system must be overthrown.

We advise Mr. Tuck to study Socialism. Under Socialism there will be no incentive to palm off rotten eggs upon the people.

LORIMER'S LATEST

Another good reason for demanding the initiative, referendum and recall is that the much besmirched Senator Lorimer is opposed to it. To the civil war veterans gathered at Duquoin, Ill., he said:

"All over this country and up and down this state men are running, traveling from the Wisconsin line to Cairo, and from the Indiana line to the Mississippi, scattering Socialism and pleading with the people to change their system of government. We don't want the initiative and the referendum, and the recall. What we want is a more representative government, and men behind the guns to enforce the laws. We want less hypocrisy, and we would have it here in Illinois if there were more men like you."

The speaker here made a detailed attack on the initiative and referendum.

Why does not the mighty "blonde boss" have this agitation for future political freedom stopped? Alas, the bosses have fallen upon evil days.

Century Dictionary

"Socialism is any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or in great part, the individual efforts and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action; would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor and would make land and capital as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community.

The Socialist Sunday School lesson by Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, on page 7, deserves especial attention this week.

FOUR PRIZES FOR STORIES

The success of our Spring prize story contest warrants us in holding another. There will be four prizes this time. Note the terms and rules carefully.

The first prize will be $20, the second $15, the third $10, the fourth $5.00. For each story acceptable, which does not win one of the four main prizes, we will give a subscription to the **Christian Socialist** for one year.

This contest is open to both men and women of all ages. The conditions are as follows:

1. The story must be clearly adapted to the **Christian Socialist.**
2. It must not be less than 1,000 nor more than 3,000 words long.
3. It must be written in English on good white paper, on one side of the paper only, with a typewriter, or in plain, large handwriting with ink, leaving ample space between the lines.
4. The novelty and striking interest of the plot, the orthographical, grammatical and rhetorical perfection of the language, the sentiment, and the dramatic skill with which the story is set forth will be the four main points upon which the judgment will be rendered.
5. All manuscripts for this contest must be at the **Christian Socialist** office not later than December 1. The sooner the better after you have worked your story over the best you can. Work it over and over and rewrite it several times before you call it "done," if you are an amateur writer.
6. The Chicago members of the Board of Directors of the **Christian Socialist**, who constitute the regular Editorial Committee, will be the judges of these stories. And their labor of reading and discussing these manuscripts will be sufficient to entitle them to claim for use in the paper any story which may not be deemed one of the three very best, but which is worthy of publication. The manuscripts not considered suitable for publication in our paper will be returned to their owners.

CHRIST AND CONSTRUCTION

(In Three Parts.)

Part Two: Stand Pat on Liberty.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Galatians 5-1.

Don't be a dolt. Insurge, rebel, revolt or anything else that may be necessary to maintain the liberty you have, or to get more. Jesus Christ is the greatest emancipator of history.

HE TAUGHT BROTHERHOOD—THAT GAVE EVEN TOILERS EQUAL RIGHTS WITH OTHER MEN. ORDINARY MEN HAD NEVER BEEN ALLOWED THAT RIGHT BEFORE. Both law and religion made the many obey the few. The average man who dared voice a dissenting thought was promptly killed, as was Jesus.

Don't forget the time. There was no Declaration of Independence. Nobody quoted from the Magna Charta. Average folks didn't exercise their rights and extort things from kings till centuries after Christ.

THE LABOR SYSTEM IN CHRIST'S TIME WAS SLAVERY UNCLOAKED BY ANY MODERN MASQUERADE. Masters needed not to veil their mastery. The vice of human tyranny stalked unafraid.

Even the "free man," if a toiler, was an object of contempt. JESUS WAS A CARPENTER. HE MADE YOKES AND PLOUGHS (WOODEN PLOUGHS). HE CHOSE A CABINET OF WORKINGMEN. HE TAUGHT A GOSPEL OF WORKS. The modern age of construction began when toilers were thus honored and taught to think and teach.

CHRIST'S THEME WAS FATHERHOOD, BROTHERHOOD, LOVE AND BRAINS. He constantly taught these things. He constantly appealed to the individual reason. Mind your own mind. That's the business you have to mind. "Search the Scriptures." No limit on that advice. He didn't qualify as to any class of men. All "search."

What for? No use of searching if you aren't to think. How can you search without thinking? "Learn" and "know" were two word-hinges that his parables often swung on. The highest climax ever voiced was: "This is life eternal to KNOW thee" that is God.

"COMMON PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY." NO WONDER. HE TAUGHT THEM THAT THEY WERE REAL PEOPLE, HAD BRAINS, COULD THINK, AND OUGHT TO. Mental emancipation is the original emancipation germ. All social emancipation is born from mental liberty. Until the average mind knew its right to think there was no hope for average men. There was no morning, until then, in any sky for brotherhood, or love, or ordinary human kind.

THINK FOR YOURSELVES. THAT'S THE BASIS OF THE CHRISTIAN GOSPEL. The human race is growing nobler on it. It took nerve and backbone to follow such a teacher. To be that teacher was to defy the "vested rights" of wealth, to beard the capitalistic lion in his lair,

and to oppose every aristocracy on earth then or since.

THINK FOR YOURSELVES. THAT IS CHRISTIAN LIBERTY. Stand pat on that. These shores of ours were cleared of red-skin feet that Christian liberty might be realized. Our nation grows better as this right and its social sequence are written into statute book and constitution.

Think for yourselves. LIFE BY PROXY IS A BOTCH. God gave you brains. Use them. Don't be a phonographic cylinder or a parrot. Intellectual stupidity is curable. Intellectual stolidity bears down on hopelessness. Mental fossils, like other fossils, ought to be in museums. They should have guardians appointed by the state.

Think for yourselves. You may become insane by thinking too much, too hard, too fast. BUT YOU ARE ONLY AN IDIOT IF YOU DO NOT THINK AT ALL. Constructive statesmanship or constructive anything is never accomplished by idiots.

Thousands of social and political idiots are still extant. They are still voting for Andrew Jackson and calling themselves Democrats, or voting for Abraham Lincoln and calling themselves Republicans. Their minds are free to act, but they've let some friendly "boss" tie them up to monuments.

SOCIALISM IS CHRISTIANITY IN THE ACTIVE MODERN PROCESSES OF ITS LIBERTY. Socialism presents Christianity in its practical intelligence. Socialism applies Christianity in its individual emancipations anticipating the social emancipation as a natural sequence.

WHEN CHRISTIAN PEOPLE KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT SOCIALISM THEY WILL WELCOME IT, AND FEEL AT HOME WITH IT, AND VOTE IT WITH ENTHUSIASM AND TO POLITICAL VICTORY.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST is reaching the Christian thought of America, with the practical interpretation of the social message of Jesus Christ. THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST ought to be a sixteen-page paper at the very least. THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST must maintain its weekly edition. Socialism must win the Christian vote. All Christendom needs Christians aroused to the social message of Jesus and engaged in practical social action. THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST is leading them. Many thousands have come already. Many thousands more must come in the near future. Will you help THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST in this special missionary work.

Surely you can raise $6.00 among your comrades to send FORTY three-month subscriptions to the **Christian Socialist** to FORTY DIFFERENT PEOPLE you may select. You cannot invest Socialist money better. Do it now.

Are you one of those who are brave enough and willing to pledge a new annual subscriber every month for twelve months at $1.00 each? That is not hard. Thousands of our subscribers could do it—only a few hundred will. **Are you one of the live ones?** Write us about it now.

The Christian Socialist FELLOWSHIP

GENERAL SECRETARY
Rev. W. A. Ward, 3452 Giles Ave., St. Louis
GENERAL TREASURER
Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 1451 Broadway, New York
GENERAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
of Twenty-five Members

NOTICE

As the General Secretary, Comrade Ward, is compelled to travel so much and finds it impossible to keep up with his correspondence and reports, he is naturally unable to rewrite or edit reports of District and Center Secretaries which are intended for publication. Therefore, please send a copy of all your reports of meetings, etc., which are intended for publication, to the **Christian Socialist**, so that this column may contain the inspiring reports of the Fellowship workers every week. This will cause others to be more active.—The Editor.

* * *

FELLOWSHIP APPLICATION

ARTICLE I.
Name.

The name of this organization shall be the Christian Socialist Fellowship.

ARTICLE II.
Objects.

Realizing that the social message of Jesus applied in an age of machine production means Socialism, we declare the objects of our Fellowship to be:

To proclaim Socialism to churches and other religious organizations; to show the necessity of to end the class struggle by establishing industrial and political democracy, and to hasten the reign of justice and brotherhood—the Kingdom of God on earth.

ARTICLE III.
Membership.

SECTION 1. Its members shall be active and associate.

SECTION 2. Its active members shall consist of those who are both Christians and Socialists, who shall agree to the objects as stated in Article II, be duly elected, be governed by the Constitution and By-Laws and pay dues. Membership dues shall be 15 cents per month.

SECTION 3. Its associate members shall be those who are in sympathy with the purposes of the Fellowship, and shall be duly elected. They shall have the privilege of a voice, but no vote.

SECTION 4. Where local Centers exist, they shall constitute the electing body, to which all applications for membership shall be made. Where no Center exists, application for membership shall be made to the General Secretary, with membership fee, and shall be voted upon by the General Executive Committee.

* * *

A "LONE STAR" WOMAN'S IDEAS.

Dear Comrades: As to the West Texas Socialists I want to say, we long have had quite a band of good, true, honest Socialists here, and the band has been growing stronger every day for years, and is still growing.

If anyone not believing in Socialism can sit and listen to Comrade Ward, Holman or Noble for an hour and a half and then say they do not believe in Socialism, I cannot guess what they have in their brain pans.

I have just read Comrade Ward's report in the **Christian Socialist** and to say it was fine is useless. It was amusing (yet very true) to hear him tell about our treeless, waterless and flowerless country. If he were here now I am afraid he would think even worse, as we haven't had any rain since he was here until last Sunday night when we had a good rain, and we were very thankful for it.

No doubt Comrade Ward was worn out after all he went through with this summer, yet I believe if he knew how much good he has really done he would feel like he was well paid for all he has gone through with.

I am safe in saying he converted many to Socialism while he was at O'Brien, and I know he made the old ones stronger and more determined than they have ever been before. Hearing all those good Comrades make such grand speeches caused us all to want to do something for the great movement. I believe even us "simple" women could do a great deal if we would get busy. And why not get busy? Most of the women think they are doing a great work in the churches, they are always making up money for the orphan homes and so on, and I believe they could do even a greater work if they would try as hard to keep them out, as they do to keep them in. I mean by that, if they would not do like I heard a preacher say he knew of a man doing. He said, this Godly man felt impressed to build an orphan home and he didn't have the money, so he got down and prayed to the God of Heaven to send him help to build the home; and, of course, in a few days, help came. And after he got it built he didn't have a child to put in the home, so he prayed again to the God of Heaven to let him have the poor orphan children to fill his house, and he got them.

It seems to me it would have been more godly if he had prayed and voted for the children's mothers and fathers to live on until they died a natural death; for I dare say half of those children's mothers and fathers were taken away from them without one minute's warning, buried alive in some mine, or ground up in some factory. Yet, he prayed to have his house filled with orphan children, and voted to have their parents ground up in order that he might have his fine house filled with these children, and that the world might ring with his name, "What a great work he has done."

Oh, man, why don't you vote to have the fathers and mothers of our land protected while they are toiling for their children? If you would do that, there would be no need of so many orphan homes. There would be thousands of children who would have mamma and papa left to go to in their troubles instead of strangers.

Long live the **Christian Socialist**. I am going to try to get subs. for it all the year.

Alice Pye, Knox City, Texas.

Encyclopedia Brittanica

"Ethics of Socialism and the ethics of Christianity are **identical**. The general tendency is to regard as socialistic any interference undertaken by society in behalf of the poor. In general it may be described as that movement which seeks, by economic changes, to destroy the existing inequalities of the world's social condition."

BOOKS TO READ

Order of The Christian Socialist
56 E. Randolph St., Chicago

SOCIALIST POST CARDS, four different kinds, "What Socialism Means," by E. E. Carr; "The Economic Foundation of Freedom," by W. W. Passage; "Socialism Necessary to Christianity," by Rev. Jas. L. Smiley, and "Frances E. Willard's Views of Socialism." 10c per dozen, 50c per hundred, assorted samples, 10c.

PROGRAM OF CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM FOR CHURCHES. An address by Rev. Edward Ellis Carr, full of good suggestions. Especially good to hand preachers and church workers. Three copies 5c, 12 for 10c, 50 for 30c, 100 for 50c.

THE TEACHINGS OF SOCIALISM. By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser. Unsurpassed propaganda leaflet. Scientific, convincing. Four large pages. Two copies, 5c, 10 for 10c, 100 for 75c, 1,000 for $6.

THE RELIGION OF LABOR and other essays, by Rev. Harvey Dee Brown, Ph. D. Besides the exquisite essay on "The Religion of Labor," this rare pamphlet contains a striking article on "The Seal of Poverty" and two excellent essays on "Spiritual Elements in the Socialist Movement." Thirty pages; 5c each, 12 for 50c, $3.00 per hundred.

THE SOCIALISM OF JESUS. By Rufus W. Weeks. A scholarly and helpful exposition of the social message of Jesus. One of the best booklets to loan or give to religious people; 45 pages; 10c each, 5 for 30c, 12 for 60c.

THE ESSENCE OF SOCIALISM, by Wm. H. Watts, containing interesting and instructive articles on "The Philosophy of Socialism," "The Economics of Socialism," "The Co-Operative Commonwealth," and "Marx's Forecast;" 10c each, 8 copies 50c, 20 copies $1.00.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY, a superb Socialist solo, by John Spargo, piano accompaniment by Platon Brunoff. 25c each, 3 for 50c.

WHAT'S SO AND WHAT ISN'T. By John M. Work. Answers many objections to Socialism in a vigorous, snappy way. Considered by many the most effective piece of propaganda for the price. Papers, 10c; cloth, 50c.

MEN AND MULES. By Prof. W. F. Ries. Sixty-three pertinent questions about Socialism answered in sixty-three pages in a spontaneous and striking style. More than a million copies sold. Excellent to break the ice with; 10c each, 8 copies 50c, 20 copies $1.00, 100 copies for $4.00.

Also **LIONS AND LAMBS, MONKEYS AND MONKEYETTES** and **HEADS AND HANDS**, by the same author, at the same price.

CONSTRUCTIVE PROGRAM OF SOCIALISM. By Carl D. Thompson, City Clerk of Milwaukee. A much needed book. Shows what Socialists are doing and can do in city councils, legislatures and parliaments. Only 15c. Get one sure.

PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM. By Rev. Charles H. Vail. So clear, instructive, convincing that many declare it is the most useful Socialist book for the price. Paper, 25c. Cloth, $1.00.

MAUD MULLER'S MINISTRY. By Rev. James L. Smiley. A sweet, well-written story of how Maud Muller DID marry the Judge after all, and how they suffered persecution and worked together for Socialism. Well worth the money. Paper 25c.

THE GOLDEN RULE REPUBLIC NO UTOPIA, by Rev. Wm. H. Randall. A clear explanation of HOW SOCIALISM WILL WORK. 180 pages of good propaganda matter, paper, 25c, 3 copies 60c, 6 copies for $1.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S POEMS, "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems," and "Lincoln and Other Poems." $1 per volume. Markham is by all odds the greatest Poet of the Social Passion in the World. His poems, both volumes, should be in every home. His greatest poems ought to be committed to memory.

HELP NOW

The efforts of the Christian Socialist to get justice for those involved in the Barnes case has caused much loss to the paper, as we fully anticipated. We are not doing this for amusement or for gain. We realized from the first that it is mighty serious business.

And we need the help of every brave and loyal soldier NOW.

If you can send money, send all you possibly can. Do not let our ammunition give out. Send it NOW.

But above all, hustle for new subscribers. THEY WILL APPRECIATE THE PAPER ALL THE MORE BECAUSE OF WHAT IT IS NOW FIGHTING FOR. Now is the very best time to get subscribers. Get after them with full courage and determination. And send the lists in.

Get after every anti-Socialist, especially every religious non-Socialist with the Replies to Hill. This magnificent 16-page paper can be had for 1c per copy in small bundles, $4.50 for 500 copies, $8 for 1,000. Get A BUNDLE NOW and let no preacher or layman escape.

MORE BOOKS TO READ

Order of The Christian Socialist
56 E. Randolph St., Chicago

THE PEOPLE'S HOUR. Stirring Labor and Socialist Poems by George Howard Gibson. Every Comrade should have a copy. 137 pages, cloth, $1.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND SOCIALISM, "An Appreciation of the One and a Plea for the Other," by Patrick J. Cooney. Neat paper binding, 32 pages, 10c.

THEY MUST or GOD IN THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY, by Herman Kutter of Zurich, Switzerland. A most thrilling book on religion and Socialism. 232 pages, cloth, $1.

WAR—WHAT FOR—Prof. George R. Kirkpatrick's great and stirring book. 352 pages, 13 full page illustrations, trenchant discussions of every phase of the vital subject. **Eugene V. Debs** says: "This wonderful book is an immortal achievement. It has set fire to all the blood in my veins." Prices, $1.20 each; 80 cents each for three or more copies ordered at one time.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS. By Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch. The latest and best American book on Christian Socialism; $1.60, postage paid.

POVERTY. By Robert Hunter. Cloth, $1.50. Everyone should read this great and awful book, in which the actual condition of the American people is clearly revealed. No one can talk on economics intelligently without these facts and figures.

CAPITAL. By Karl Marx. Revised edition, translated by Ernest Untermann. The economic Bible of Socialism. No one is well read in economy who has not read Marx. Three volumes. Price, $2.00 each.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE. By W. T. Mills. The greatest American work on scientific Socialism; $2.00.

THE BELLE ISLERS. By Richard Brinsley Newman. A novel of rare wit, satire, wisdom and force. Supposed to be written of the inhabitants of a small town by the 15-year-old son of the minister. It is a rich portrayal of the world in miniature under capitalism, showing how business, politics, religion and social life are affected. You will enjoy its keen shafts, its boyish freshness and originality; $1.60.

THE ANCIENT LOWLY. By C. Osborne Ward. An exhaustive instructive study of the workers from before the time of Moses. Gives the real cause and meaning of the Exodus, explains the communism of Jesus and the apostolic church, and traces the pathetic, terrible, heroic labor struggle through ancient Greece and Rome. Throws astonishing light on the early Christian movement. Every student, especially every minister, should have it. A monumental work, entirely unapproached. Two large volumes, $2.00 each.

CATHOLIC SOCIALISM. By Prof. Francesco S. Nitti, of the University of Naples, Italy. One of the most interesting, comprehensive and helpful books on Socialism from the standpoint of religion and political economy. Excellent for both Catholics and Protestants. Imported. Over 400 large pages; $3.00.

RUSSIA'S MESSAGE. By English Walling. The heart cry of a great people in birth agony. The voice of the awakening world. 475 large pages. 50 pages of illustrations. The greatest contribution to recent Socialist literature; $3.00.

LIFE OF KARL MARX, the climax of John Spargo's work, a magnificent book with many engravings. No real Socialist student should miss this matchless book. $2.70.

SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, by Morris Hillquitt. One of the very best written and most comprehensive of the greater books on Socialism. 356 pages, $1.60.

The International Sunday School Lessons for 1911

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Hazelwood M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LESSEN FOR SEPT. 17TH

Daniel's Companion in the Fiery Furnace
Dan. 3

Golden Text: Heb. 13:6. The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.

Daniel the Third Chapter

Concerning this 3rd chapter of Daniel, the content of which constitutes today's lesson Canon Farrar has said, "Regarded as an instance of the use of historic fiction to inculcate the noblest truths, the third chapter of Daniel is not only superb in its imaginative grandeur, but still more in the manner in which it sets forth the piety of ultimate faithfulness and of that 'Death-defying utterance of truth,' which is the essence of the most heroic and inspiring forms of martyrdom. So far from slighting it, because it does not come before us with adequate evidence to prove that it was even intended to be taken as literal history, I have always regarded it as one of the most precious among the narrative chapters of scripture. It is of priceless value as illustrating the deliverance of undaunted faithfulness—as setting forth the truth that they who love God and trust in Him must love Him and trust in Him even till the end, in spite not only of the most overwhelming peril, but even when they are brought face to face with apparently hopeless defeat. Death itself, by torture or sword or flame, threatened by the priests and tyrants and multitudes of the earth set in open array against them, is impotent to shake the purpose of God's saints. When the servant of God can do nothing else against the banded forces of sin—he can at least die, and can say like the Maccabees, 'Let us die in our simplicity!' He may be saved from death; but even if not, **he must prefer death to apostasy,** and will save his own soul."

Daniel Absent from the Event

Every thoughtful student of this chapter is struck with the absence of Daniel from the narrative. Very naturally we ask where was he? Had he, after all, played the traitor and worshiped the golden image? Was he too ill or busy to be present? Was he away at the time on state business and could not be there? Or did he, like his companions, refuse to bow at the sound of the trumpet, but on account of his position and power the enemies were afraid to report him? Hardly. Had the writer been writing history any of these things, had they happened, would have been mentioned. He was not writing history but **truth** and was more concerned in setting forth truth than historical connection. Daniel is represented in the other chapters as playing his part and bearing his testimony to the God of Israel; this chapter is separately devoted to the heroism and the testimony of his three friends. After the event of this chapter Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego disappear alike from the book and from history and Daniel takes the stage of action.

The Image of Gold

The first seven verses of the chapter tell us that Nebuchadnezzar, probably in the eighteenth year of his reign, set up on the plain Dura an immense golden image, 90 feet high and 9 feet wide as an object of worship. To the dedication of this image he summoned all the rulers—note that—princes, governors, captains, judges, treasurers, counsellers, sheriffs and rulers of provinces—all the civil, military and legal representatives of the vast empire, and commanded, at a given signal, that all, irrespective of race or creed, should bow in homage and submission to the image and its representation. The day of dedication, like the coronation of King George of England, was an imposing spectacle and to hundreds a crucial moment. Many of the foreigners, no doubt, had to do violence to their judgment and conscience to do justice to the king's command. They had to swallow many things disagreeable to national prejudices and according to the record all, except three, did swallow them.

The event was a grand stroke of diplomacy. The end sought was as imposing as the pageant. Nebuchadnezzar had finished his campaign of conquest and this celebration was a memorial of his universal triumph and sovereignty. Nebuchadnezzar was monarch of the earth and he desired that to be impressed on the minds of all the peoples of his empire. He also sought to bring the peoples of differing tongues and customs together for the purpose of consolidation. And last, but not least, he no doubt sought to unify the empire by adopting one religion and one centralized place of worship. Thus the gigantic image, symbolical of the vast empire, the universal and representative gathering and the collective and simultaneous worship.

How grandly analogous is all this to modern Capitalism! Whether we know or care Capitalism has been on a quiet but determined mission of world conquest. To those who have led the campaign, and even to those who have watched it closely, the final triumph has never been in doubt. The task is about done and the world, like a caged lion, is under the lock and key of the modern king. It only remains for the event to be celebrated by some fitting memorial, as no doubt it will be in the near future and the world plainly commanded to bow in humble submission to the dollar-mark, the image-god of capitalism. The expectation will be that all will bow but whether they will remains to be seen. There may be a bigger surprise in store for the modern kings than the ancient one.

Like Nebuchadnezzar, modern capitalism has an image of its god. Its god is Power and its representation is Gold. The image of this god is set up now, not on one plain, but on every plain and mountain, every valley and hillock, every city and state in the whole world. It is omnipresent and its worship it universally commanded.

Capitalism demands, on the pain of death, that the great image shall be worshiped all the time and by all the people—by all in official position. Modern capitalism is no less wise than the ancient monarch. It knows that if the rulers in every important department of life worship the image the people must; they are helpless to do otherwise. Class systems care nothing for the people so long as the "leaders" are submissive. Hence, the imperious commands of modern capitalism is to the men in places of power—to the civil, legal, military, industrial, educational and religious leaders—to conserve the interests of money and power at the blast of every horn, the crack of every whip and the turn of every wheel at the peril of their jobs, which, today, means their lives. There is not a man, worth his salt, in official position today that has not in some form or other, heard the sound of this command, "Forget native land, patriotism, nationality, the God of your mother's knee, family connection, the life and happiness of those under you and about you and at the sound of the trumpet fall down, fall down and worship me." This is the literal command and we have all heard it. But, and thank God for it, a few altogether too few, but still a few, have refused to obey. And the number is growing. There were only three on the plain of Dura but there are many thousands today on the hills and plains of America. May their number increase till they shall be the majority!

The Machination of Spies

When, on that memorable day all the leaders of the empire were marshalled on the plain of Dura to pay homage to the image the three Hebrew captives were in the ranks. They were among the rulers but not of their type. They had, no doubt, secretly pledged each other "their lives, honor and fortune" that they would not worship. They would go as far as